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Puck

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THEY 'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW SUIT.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.—He need n't feel so big about it — *we* 'll each have a new Army Bill, too, before long!



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 2nd, 1893.—No. 856.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**CONCERNING
THE KAISER
AND HIS ARMY.**

GIVEN AS a ruler a young man who believes that he should rule in this day as Kings ruled in the old days when Kings were more the fashion: to what extent can he force feudal methods upon people that have outgrown feudalism, without imperiling the unity of his empire. The Emperor of Germany ought to be at work on this problem now. It is true that in his recent address to the Reichstag he showed that he can temper his arrogance with diplomacy; but the meekness with which it was sweetened did not conceal the real flavor of coercion. It indirectly disavowed any intention of asserting the imperial against the popular will; but it indicated that the popular will, if intelligent and patriotic, must needs be the imperial will. It blandly ignored the possibility of any conflict between the two. That the Emperor was shrewd enough to profit by the lack of coöperation that marks political Germany, composed as it is of many small parties representing as many ideas, is no proof that he has acquired any new knowledge of the real divinity that hedges a monarch. He felt that the imperial will was about to triumph, and that the light of that triumph would not be dimmed by the purely ornamental deference to the constitution that pervaded his address.

As the direct result of the whim of this young fellow who believes that Kings are born to make war, seventy thousand or more men will be taken from the farms and workshops of Germany to insure peace by learning how to fight; and fourteen million dollars more will yearly be taken from the pockets of those who look after Germany's material welfare. But this is not all. There are other European nations that will receive the German Emperor's peace protestations with profound incredulity. Each of them will, in all probability, take similar steps to testify its deep abhorrence of war. Thus, the German Emperor will again and again be forced to tap an artery of his empire in order to remain in a position to secure peace at any cost. This extension of the fighting power is limited, of course, by the country's ability and disposition to endure it. The Kaiser has come dangerously near to discovering this simple truth in an unpleasant manner. It seems only a question of time when it will shine out to him from his own experience. With half a million of men drawn from the farmers and artisans of Germany, it is not hard to imagine the people resisting a further attack upon their industrial ramparts, even when it is led by a Hohenzollern. Already the people are aroused to a keen sense of the burden they are bearing. Germany is now spending ten million

dollars on its schools and one hundred and eighty-five millions on its army. The United States spends one hundred and fifteen millions on its schools and fifty-four millions on its army and navy. The increase in Germany's burden of militarism only serves to emphasize comparisons like this to the people who suffer from them. Sooner or later the European peoples who are being taxed to keep twenty-one million men under arms will put this question to their military logicians, as being in line with their peace theories: "If our present army is required to make peace reasonably sure, how large an army will it take to so effectually insure peace that no army at all will be needed?"

**CONCERNING
TWO KINDS
OF TAXES.**

The impression has been nourished by a few Republican economists that the repeal of the Sherman law must be celebrated by the enactment of some other measure only a little less foolish. The most of them agree that a repeal of the ten per cent. tax on state bank circulation will be urgently recommended by Democrats, in furtherance of their wicked designs on the welfare of their country. Others of them insist that after the McKinley Bill has been profanely violated by Democratic vandals, an odious income-tax must be levied to meet pension expenditures. As to the repeal of the state bank tax, we feel justified in assuring the timid that there is no ground for their fears. We have progressed in financial economics at least far enough to learn the value of a stable currency, and the dangers of inflation. We have been forty years learning what wild-cat money is, but we know now. The subject of an income-tax is worthier of discussion because its weakness is not so obtrusive. In theory, the income-tax is beautifully consistent. It is intended to adjust the burdens of taxation so that they shall bear upon the people only in proportion to their ability to sustain them. Unfortunately, a good, sound conscience that could be relied on to keep its owner out of burglary or arson, would shrivel up and crumble into dust under the scorching heat of an income-tax, and we should degenerate into a nation of accomplished liars. We can picture nothing more demoralizing than an income-tax. In the first place it would, at one fell blow, reduce the most of our millionaires to comparative poverty. Think of Mr. Russell Sage being forced to eke out a miserable existence on six or eight dollars a week, or whatever sum would be just this side of the taxable minimum! The American citizen might learn to accept this hardship with becoming resignation, but the income-tax involves another contingency even more disastrous to the general prosperity. It is confidently asserted, and with some show of credibility, that no one can attain social distinction in this land of democratic equality, unless possessed of wealth. It is even hinted that many people, in order to pass through the sacred portals of the McAllisterian paradise, keep up a hollow show of opulence at the expense of credulous tradesmen. If an income-tax were levied, a man receiving three thousand dollars a year would devote a good part of it to paying taxes on an income of fifty thousand dollars. His tax-receipt, framed and hung in his parlor, would be his patent of social eligibility. Now if he were the only sufferer, — if it did no more than fit him to adorn the most select social circles, — the income-tax might still deserve consideration; but it would also be used to beguile the aforesaid tradesmen into making further unwise concessions in the way of credit. It thus becomes a menace to a large and important class. We believe an income-tax is about as undesirable as a repeal of the state bank tax.

FAME'S INJUSTICE.



SOUTH AMERICAN PATRIOT.—Why do the people of the United States so revere the memory of Washington?

NORTH AMERICAN.—Because he established the Republic.

SOUTH AMERICAN PATRIOT.—Why, I know men who establish a republic about once a month, and nobody pays any attention to them!

IMITATION is a flattery that woman does n't relish in matters of dress.

HITCH your wagon to a star if you will, but look to the strength of the harness.

PUCK'S WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR NUMBER

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GOOD PROSPECTS.

COHNSTEIN.—You're such a kicker. Mine Gracious, you vunt be happy in heaven!

LOANSTEIN (brightening).—Yes, I will; der sthreads are pafed mit gold!



HIS ONLY CHANCE.

MOTHER (*impatiently*).—Willie, you must n't interrupt Mama while she is talking.
WILLIE (*petulantly*).—Well; I can't keep quiet *all* the time.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

WHITEGOODS.—Now, Mr. Redink, they're talking about this income-tax; and, as it may effect your income, I thought it best to reduce your salary from two thousand to fifteen hundred. I don't think they'll tax any income as low as fifteen hundred.

REDINK.—But, Mr.—

WHITEGOODS.—Now, not a word! You know I never can bear to hear myself thanked.



"A COLD WAVE."

UMBRAGEOUS.
"Lord Fitzbroke's reputation is rather shady."
"Shaded by his family tree, I suppose."

RELATIVELY.
"Is Barton rich?"
"Well, only relatively so. He has a rich aunt."

ENTERPRISE.
TIMER.—I did n't think Spaceryt would hold his place at the Bible House long.
EDITOR.—What was the trouble?

TIMER.—They put him at work on a new edition, and he made a lot of substitutions. He said most of Solomon's Proverbs struck him as chestnuts.

A DRAWING CARD.

MUSEUM MANAGER.—I have procured a man who has never said, "Is it hot enough for you?"

FRIEND.—Impossible! Where did you get him?

MUSEUM MANAGER.—In Greenland.

A DESERT WASTE.

MISS TRILOBITE.—With what feelings of awe one must tread the solitudes where man's presence is yet unknown!

MISS NEOPHYTE.—I've tried it three Summers, but shall stay in the city this season.

THE ONLY WAY.

TOMMY.—Towser just run around in a circle about a hundred times to catch his tail.

PAPA.—Did he catch it?

TOMMY.—No; he did not. I should think the only way he could ever catch it would be to run after it backwards.

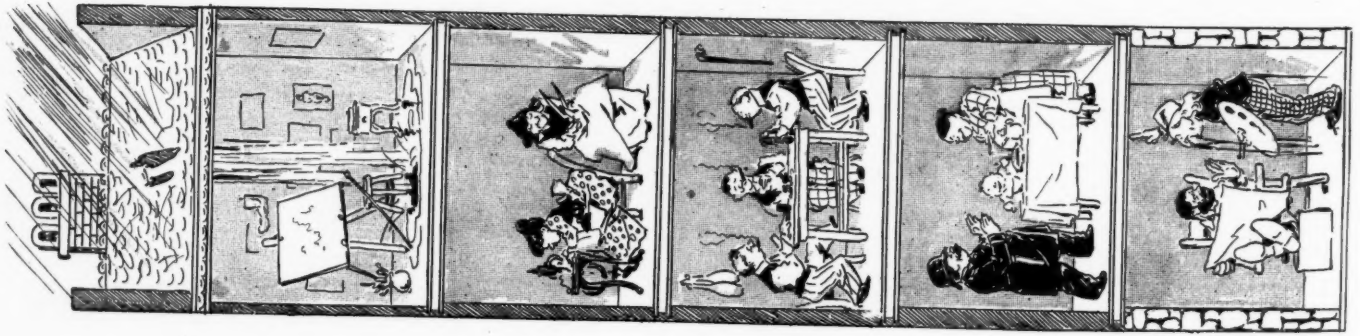


KEPT IT QUENCHED.

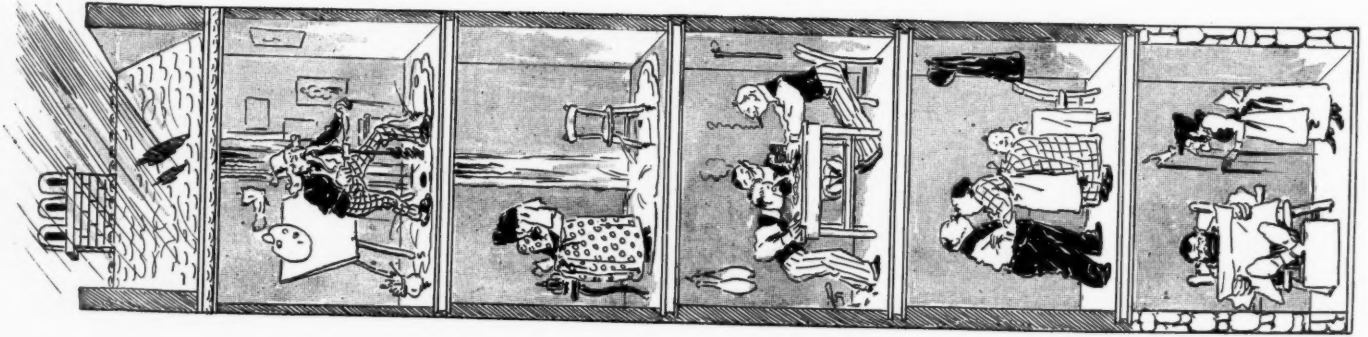
CITY MISSIONARY.—What! Do you mean to say that poverty gave you this thirst for liquor?

UNFORTUNATE.—Not exactly, Mister. But when I was wealthy I never allowed myself to have a thirst.

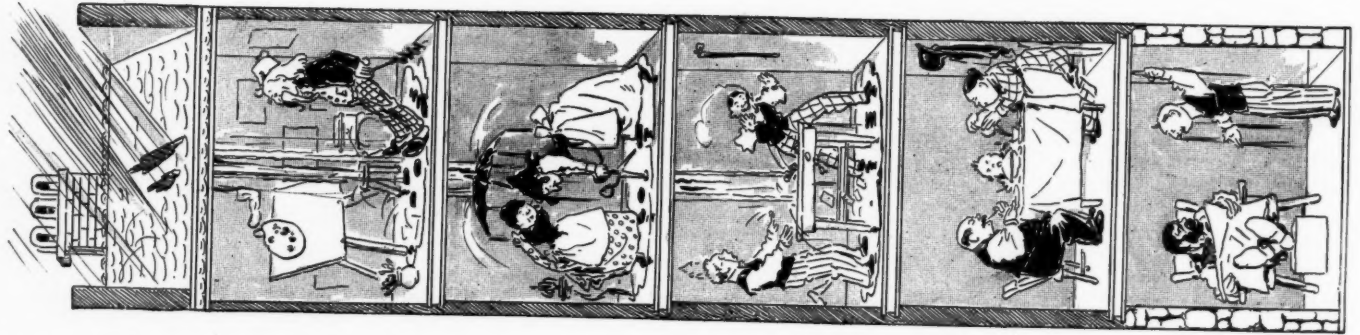
PASSING IT ALONG; OR, WHY THE JANITOR MENDED THE ROOF.



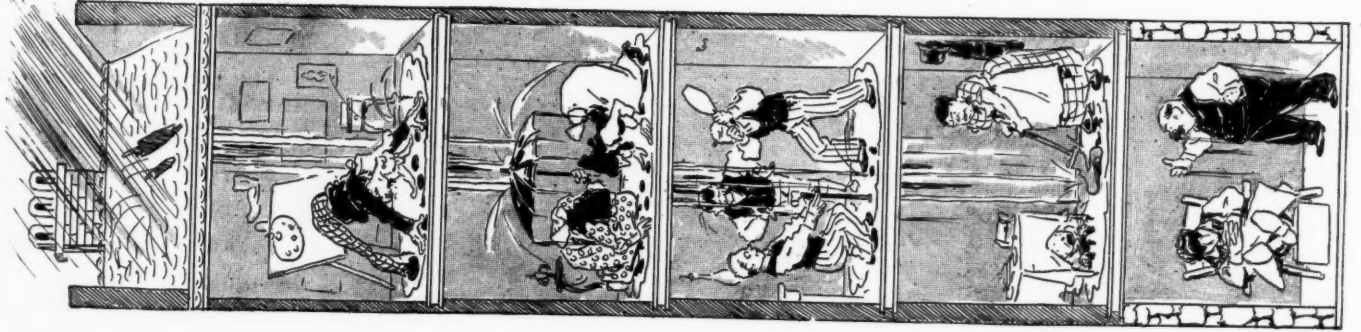
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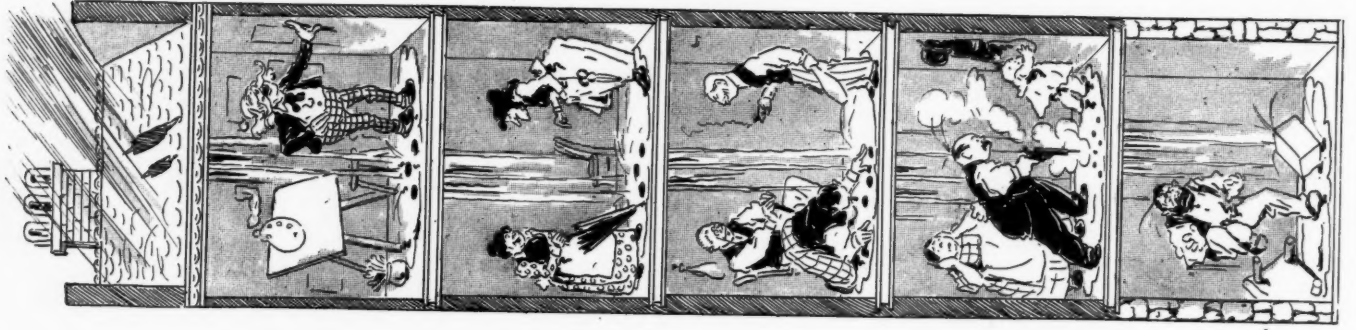
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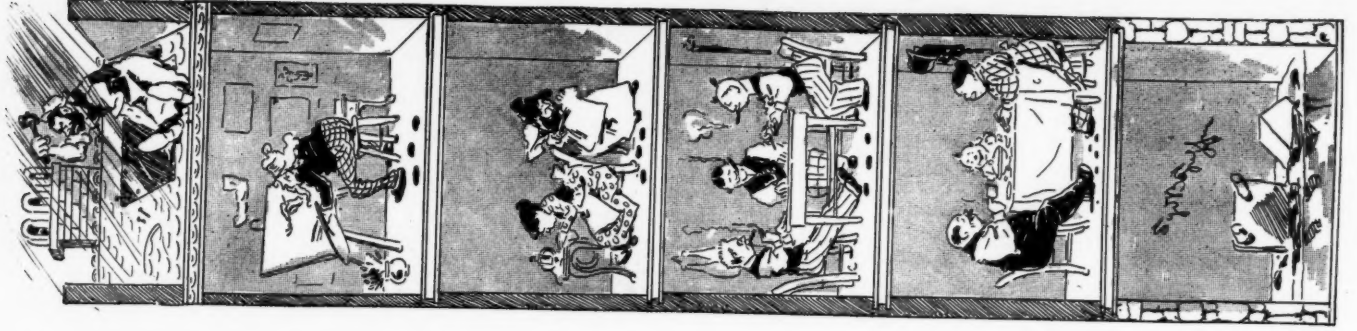
CHAPTER III.



CHAPTER IV.



CHAPTER V.



CHAPTER VI.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.



WE understand it, Winter is a season that will take care of itself, but Summer must be studied and its symptoms carefully noted if you hope to see it thrive on your hands. It is for fear people will not diagnose Summer accurately that syndicate writers begin in March to tell us what kind of a Summer it is going to be, and what kind of sago pudding it should be fed that it may live out its days. One of the most successful wet-nurses of Summer, having seen at least seven, is the lady who amplifies what she does n't know about enjoyment over the signature "Christine Terhune Herrick." Christine Terhune and likewise Herrick has just issued her prospectus of the Summer of '93, and those who have never known this Summer before will be much interested in what she says about it.

To begin with, Christine assumes that everybody will go away for the Summer. In view of the fact that Summer will not go away for any one, it may be admitted, for the sake of argument, that this is correct. Now, where to go? Christine says you are not to go to a cottage, for they are nearly always musty or damp, and terrible on "baby." Neither may you venture the "roomy farm-house," for there the room is always out of doors, in the hen yard or somewhere else unavailable for Summer boarders. Herein Christine is eminently, we might say preëminently correct. After a few more negatives, Christine seems to weaken and lean toward the seaside hotel with a band, but she declines to be dictatorial, adding: "In making the choice between the mountains and the seashore, the quiet cottage and the noisy hotel, the greatest good of the greatest number must be consulted." This is clever, and shows that Christine has been reared in an atmosphere where the tariff is discussed impartially between campaigns.

Having left open the "where," Christine next debates the "how," assuming, and again correctly, that people would rather be moving than deciding where to move, rent and other things being equal.

"If the Summer outing were not necessary for health," she continues, "the housekeeper would not go." The schedule of things that housekeeper must do before starting goes far toward confirming this view.

"Bric-à-brac must be put away; Mirrors shrouded in newspapers; flat-irons greased; the whole house rendered a waste, if not a howling wilderness." This, as a prelude to a Summer's enjoyment, throws much light on the morose disposition of people you meet at seaside hotels. They are housekeepers fresh from the scenes of their crimes.

But this is not all. After the housekeeper has made the once peaceful abode look like a night session of the senate, she spreads a pallet on the floor and lies down to pleasant dreams of "sewer-gas, diphtheria, scarlet fever and typhoid on her return in the Fall." This keeps her cheerful all Summer.

If Christine is not a false witness, housekeeping is a crime allied to forgery, and stands in moral turpitude between larceny and manslaughter in the second degree.

HIS FIELD.

EDITOR. — You are too slow for this work. We shall have to try to get along without your services after this week.

SPACERYT. — What do you advise me to go into?

EDITOR. — You might do well as night editor of the Annual Encyclopædia.



WOMAN'S RECKLESSNESS.

"Oh, the tide's getting high — what shall ever we do? It will be at our feet in a minute or two! Oh, why did we ever come wading out here, To be put in this awful dilemma? Oh, dear!

Soon old Perseus dropped, and he towed them ashore
In his big brawny arms through the billows' wild roar.

And they said, as they looked from the beach at the rock:
"We will be there to-morrow — at sharp ten o'clock."



BARE RELIEF.

CANNIBAL QUEEN. — Well, good-by, dear; I'm going to my Sewing Circle.

CANNIBAL KING. — What charitable work is the Circle engaged upon now?

CANNIBAL QUEEN. — We are making high-necked waists for the poor society women of New York.

THE NECESSARY CONDITIONS.

ELDER BERRY. — No sane man would be foolish enough to want to go to the bad place.

ADAM GOODYEAR (*New Hampshire farmer*). — Don't know about that, elder; mought keep Summer boarders all y'ar round.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

"Do you consider the *Evening Hoot* an enterprising paper?"

"No! Why, its six o'clock edition does n't come out till nearly five!"

A DANGEROUS WOUND.

BANKS. — Jinks claims that he was wounded in the late war.

JENKS. — He was.

BANKS. — Where?

JENKS. — In his substitute.

MR. FEARER. — Can you cook?

MISS BRAIRLY. — No; but I — I can learn.

MR. FEARER. — Well, when you become a widow, let me know.

THE IMPORTERS got millions in rebate on hat trimmings; but that does n't help the fellows who had to pay the milliners' bills.

THE JUNKMAN buys useful things cheaply; the antiquarian pays fancy prices for the useless.

A POWER OF ATTORNEY —
To Browbeat Witnesses.

USEFUL, IF NOT ORNAMENTAL.



They all laughed at Willie for wearing that fashionable straw hat on his bicycle trips.



But when his front wheel broke, the straw hat was very useful.

A MARTYR.

WOOL.—I met West. Field to-day, and he told me he had spent the past year or two in foreign travel, for the health of his family.

VAN PELT.—That's right; he's a Jersey Commuter.

BETTER ACCOMMODATIONS.

DR. THIRDLY.—We have the pew rental to-morrow night.

JOBLOTS.—All right; I'll be there. I sat in the gallery last year; but this trip I want a good, comfortable lower berth.

IT IS WHEN a man's been drinking wine,
His gnawing cares to drown,
The demon gets a grape-vine twist
On him and throws him down.



A HAPPY THOUGHT.

ISAACHEIMER.—Sufferin' Moses! Repecca, look at der sign! Vot shouldt ve do?

REBECCA.—I'll go into dot barlor und blay "Batrigk's Day" on der biano, vile you are pracing him for der rooms; may pe he dakes us for Irish.

HER "LONG SUIT."

EDITOR.—How did the young lady reporter get along with the ship-launching detail?

CITY EDITOR.—She got the name of the ship wrong, and most of her figures were in doubt; but she wrote a half-column description of the gown worn by the girl who broke the bottle of champagne, and I used her story to head the fashion page.

PUT IN HER PLACE.

MR. BRIDIE.—Did you discharge the cook?

MRS. BRIDIE.—I meant to; but I gathered from her language that she discharged me.

RENDERED UNTO CÆSAR—Greece.

A TRAMP ABROAD is worth two at the back-door.

THE SLOT-MACHINE is a regular catch-penny affair.

IT IS pretty hard for Dyspepsia and Christianity to travel hand-in-hand through life.



NEEDLESS ALARM.

THE DEACON.—Ah, wicked boy! Fishing on the Sabbath. I am afraid you are among the Lost.

THE WICKED YOUTH (in surprise).—Lost! Not much! Why, I know every inch of ground for ten miles around here!

DEAN SWIFT A HERETIC.

The man who said that he preferred babies boiled would not have made an orthodox Presbyterian; Calvin preferred 'em broiled.

"READING MAKETH A FULL—"

"You know Smedley, don't you?"

"Yes; certainly."

"Well, he's bought a goat."

"Great Caesar! What does he want with a goat? He lives in a flat."

"I know it; but he says it's the only way to dispose of his Sunday papers."

THE TEACHER asked the class wherein lay the difference in meaning between the words "sufficient" and "enough."

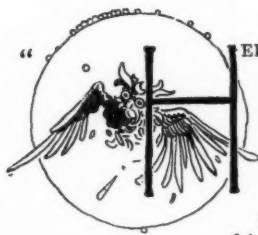
"Sufficient," answered Tommy, "is when Mother thinks it's time that I stopped eating pie; 'enough' is when I think it is."



C. O. D.

CLERK.—Cash!
MR. HAWBACK (*angrily*).—Say, young man, give me a chance to get it out, will yer?

HELD UP.



"HELLO, Cheekly! you out here, too? Well, what do you think of it?" asked Murray Hill, as he ran across a friend in the Transportation Building.

"Oh, the exhibition is magnificent, of course; and if it were not for the shameless extortion and downright highway robbery practiced upon visitors, I think I should enjoy the fair exceedingly."

"I have n't noticed anything approaching robbery," said Mr. Hill. "I'm sure, the prices are very moderate under the circumstances."

"Then you've been luckier than I have, that's all. I figured I was going to do the thing pretty cheaply. You know I'm in the railway business; so I had no trouble in getting a pass out here, to start with."

"That's a very considerable saving."

"Yes; sleeper and everything. And then I'm visiting a cousin who lives on the South Side within easy walking distance of the grounds; so I have n't had to put up at any of those ten-dollar-a-minute hotels."

"Well, I can't see what you have to complain of?" ventured Murray Hill, inquiringly.

"Well, sir," replied Mr. Cheekly, disgustedly; "do you know, when I got out here I found that my cousin had n't even pull enough to get me a complimentary ticket to the grounds. Did you ever hear of such a thing? A prominent man like him, too! Why, it costs me half-a-dollar to get into the fair every morning, and, of course, I walk home to my cousin's for lunch, so that makes another fifty cents in the afternoon; and last night, by Jove! I had to put up fifty cents more in the evening. No, sir, I'm going home to-morrow. I can't stand any such infernal leg-pull!"

Harry Romaine.

A FOOTNOTE.

I rose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat.
'T was a question whether she or I
Would stand upon my feet.

A SCANDAL.

IRATE REPUBLICAN.—Talk about nepotism! Secretary Smith has appointed three men named Smith to positions in the Interior Department.

BRUSH.—How are you on painting the town?

PALETTE.—All right on the foreground; but a regular Chinaman when it comes to the perspective.

A SILVER PASTEL.

Amid the crags and fastnesses of the rocky Urals, a Circassian girl and her steady company loitered abroad.

They were the only people on the front steppes at the time, and he kissed her fondly.

"Darling—"

It was the language of love that welled from her eyes, although the words of her lips were pure Cossack.

"—will you love me when I'm old? When silver-threads appear—"

She gestured eloquently in the direction of the tresses that had procured her engagements in three circuses.

"—among the gold?"

The youth shuddered.

"Of course not!" he impatiently exclaimed. "Can it be possible that you have n't heard about the suspension of silver coinage in India?" Gazing into each others' faces raptly, they changed the subject.

NEMESIS OVERTAKES THEM.

McSMITH.—Have you heard about the casualty downtown?

O'JONES.—No. What was it?

McSMITH.—A building collapsed and buried four building inspectors, who had their offices in it.

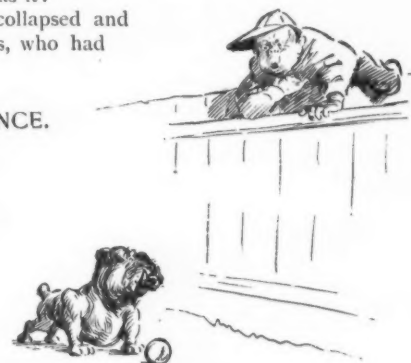
ON THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

"Phwhat flag is thot on th' Irish village?"

"Why, the American, man! Where did you come from?"

"New York!"

CHILDREN SEEM to think that half a loaf of cake is better than no bread.



"AFTER THE BALL IS OVER."

A HERO is a man who risks or loses his life to rectify some horrible mistake of the fools who applaud him.

HE WHO has doubts of original sin,
From an orthodox standpoint's in terrible plight;
Besides, it is plain, he has yet to begin
A two-weeks-old baby to trundle at night.



A WORLD'S FAIR FLIER.

MR. HARDY TIMES (*on his way to the Fair*).—Porter, why do they call this train "the limited?"

PORTER.—'Cause, sah, you ain't 'lowed to gib de portah more 'n fo' dollars at any one time, sah.

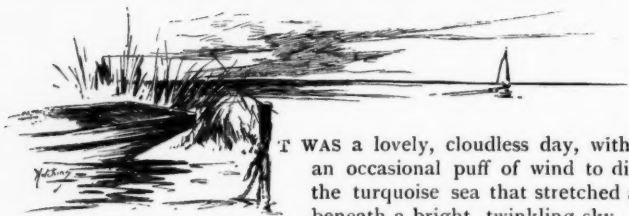


PUCK.



ERANCE AT HAND!

AN AQUARELLE.



IT WAS a lovely, cloudless day, with just an occasional puff of wind to dimple the turquoise sea that stretched away beneath a bright, twinkling sky.

In an old flat-bottomed boat, that would be a joy to any one with an eye for the picturesque, sat a critic, a poet, and a small boy. They were engaged in the gentle art of angling; that is, the critic was angling industriously; the poet was angling in a dreamy, preoccupied way, and the small boy was bailing out when he was not engaged in the less arduous labor of rowing, and the more pleasant occupation of putting worms on, or removing the fishes from, the poet's hook.

The poet, forgetting the attention that was due his rod and line, went into raptures over the glories of the Summer sky, and would have continued in his heartfelt outburst if the critic had not interrupted him. When he spoke of its tone being the finest he had ever seen, the critic thought it high time to say something critical, because this critic was critical or nothing upon each and every occasion.

"It is a pretty fine tone," he observed in a rather patronizing way; "but I do not think it comparable with that which I find in the paintings of my friend Mandrake Duckworth. His sky tones are finer in quality, to my mind, than those of Nature. What think you of that?"

"If that is your idea of criticism, I think the paper that pays three dollars per column for your thought, if it may be called such, throws that amount of money away, unless it regards you as an unconscious humorist."

The critic did not reply, but communed with himself, and determined to make matters even with the poet.

Just then the poet happened to pull in a toad fish. It flapped madly about in the bottom of the boat, and when the small boy attempted to pick it up, it almost snarled in its anger. But finally the boy succeeded in grasping the hideous mottled monster. He held it, back down, in his left hand, and with the forefinger of his right tapped it lightly upon the stomach. As soon as the toad fish felt the finger, its stomach puffed up like a toy balloon, and the small boy threw it out upon the water. The inflated stomach, of course, floated, which caused the poor toad fish to remain under water on its back, while it madly, vainly struggled.

Neither the critic nor the poet had ever seen this performance before. The poet wittily observed that perhaps it was the vanity of the ugly toad fish that had been tickled, and the critic said to himself:

"I will now even matters with my friend."

So, pretending to be absorbed by the antics of the toad fish, which lasted until the inflated part had been restored to its normal condition, and the fish had entirely disappeared, he said to his friend:

"By the way, did you see that criticism on your 'Ode to Solitude' in the last number of the *Avalanche Vesuvius*?"

"No," replied the poet; "what did it say?"

"I can not remember half the praiseworthy things it said; but it compared it with Shelley's 'West Wind' and Keats's 'Ode on a Grecian Urn'; I think, myself, that the criticism was an eminently just and proper one; and from other reviews of your lyrical poems, which I have heard the first critics of the land compare with Comus and Lycidas, I —"

The poet was now lost in silent rapture, and the critic broke in:

"Would you mind dashing off a verse or two for my autograph album?"

"I never descend to writing album verses," replied the poet in a lofty manner. "I could never put my name to anything of so trivial a character. Milton never lowered his dignity by doing such work, and I could not hurt my artistic conscience by performing such an act of literary ground tumbling for less than ten dollars per line."

The critic did not give him an order. But he realized that he had tickled the vanity of the poet even as the boy had tickled the stomach of the toad fish; and in his mind's eye he could see that the head of the sweet singer had responded to the tickling in precisely the same manner as did the fish's stomach. And as he mused in silence, he thought:

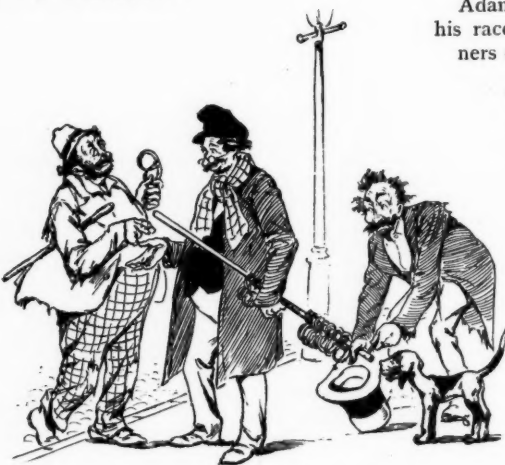
"I have puffed him up even as a toad fish, and have metaphorically cast him out upon the turbulent, uncertain Sea of Letters. And there will he madly and clumsily struggle in vain; for not until he is rid of his inflation can he swim successfully."

R. K. Munkittrick.

A LESSON IN LARCENY.



Said Jake to Jim, "As I'm a sinner, For one cent, we can get a dinner!"



Jake bought a pretzel for a cent, Into Jim's hat the others went.

ADAM.

Adam was the forerunner of his race; and, as too many runners do, he threw it.

WHEN MONEY TALKS, it ought to be able to say some rich things.

EVERY MAN has his price; but few of them have it in their wallets.

THERE IS always room at the top. The bottom also has not been backward in furnishing accommodations.

EVERY WOMAN is a law unto her — husband.



When Hans discovered what was up, Of course he laid it to the pup.



In righteous wrath he kicked the hound, Dislodged Jim's hat — the culprit found.



Said Jim to Jake, "That's what we get Fer wastin' money. You kin bet Nex' time we want a feed or ball, We won't buy some; we'll just snake all!"



A SHORT NAP.

MISS SITTIBORDER. — Joey, I will give you five cents to fan me to sleep.

HER TIME OF PROBATION.

HE. — Gladys, I must beg of you, while you are an engaged girl, to observe a few of the limits of propriety. Your flirtations are the talk of the town.

SHE. — Well, but you knew I was a flirt when you asked me to be your wife. You can't expect that marriage will make any difference.

HE. — I don't expect it — of course not! But I should like you to show some slight sense of decency, until you are married!

A CHANGE OF TRADE.

JINKS. — Is Counter making much money now?

FILKINS. — No; only shoes. The stuff he turned out was so bad that they got onto him inside of a week.

VERY POINTED — The Finger of Scorn.



A HERO.

DE LONG BEACH. — Huffy, I shall marvy Miss Wockingham, after all. Yesterday I saved her life. It was most exciting. I was on the beach, she was in the watah. A big wave knocked her ovah, the undahtow gwabbed her. She was being carvied out to sea. There was only one thing to do. I —

HOFFMAN HOWES. — Wushed to her wescue!

DE LONG BEACH (proudly). — No; I scweamed for help!

THE NEW ORDER.

"Are they to be married from Grace Church?"

"Well, hardly; it is to be a society wedding, and will be from Tammany Hall, of course."

A PARAPHRASE.

FIRST OFFICE-SEEKER. — Yes, sir; this administration would be a success if Cleveland would follow the wise maxim of Benjamin Franklin.

SECOND OFFICE-SEEKER. — What's that?

FIRST OFFICE-SEEKER. — A place for every one and every one in a place



(Four Minutes Later.)

MISS SITTIBORDER. — Why! what's the matter? What did you wake me up for?

JOEY. — For the five cents, of course.

ROYALTY'S BEST FIELD.

FIRST SERENE HIGHNESS. — Potztausend! The Greeks have set up a republic.

SECOND SERENE HIGHNESS. — Good! Now we shall receive proper attention if we should happen to visit that country.

AFFAIRS OF STATE.

SPANISH PREMIER'S WIFE. — You look weary this evening, dear husband.

SPANISH PREMIER. — No doubt; I've been playing marbles with His Majesty all the afternoon.

IT TAKES ROOM.

SMYTHE. — Why has Washington such abnormally wide streets?

TOMPKINS. — Oh, that's to enable a recently-elected Congressman to meet and pass a newly-appointed Postmaster.

THE RIVALRY EXPLAINED.

CARRUTHERS. — There seems to be quite a contention as to who was the Father of the World's Fair.

WAITE. — Yes; but there would n't be, if, like the average papa, he had to foot the bills.

A VERY ANCIENT ORDER.

"What is the Ancient Order of Hibernians, anyhow?"

"Whiskey."

THE FIN DU SIÈCLE FARMER.

BRIDGES. — My son took first honors in oratory this year.

BROOKS. — Going to make a professional man of him?

BRIDGES. — No; his specialty was agriculture. I tell you, the lawyers of our district will have to hustle if they mean to get into the Legislature after this.

A MIRROR OF THE GREAT FAIR,

that is what the **World's Fair Puck** really is. Of course you are going there, and so you want the **WORLD'S FAIR PUCK** now, and as long as it lasts.

10 cents a copy, of all Dealers.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

N. B. — See exhibit in Fisheries Building, World's Fair.

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Itching, Dandruff,
PRICKLY-HEAT,
and Odors from
Perspiration,

Speedily Relieved by

Packer's Tar Soap

WARDS OFF CONTAGION.

EXTRACT OF BEEF!

Inferior and imitation sorts are coarse, of disagreeable odor and unpleasant flavor, but the genuine

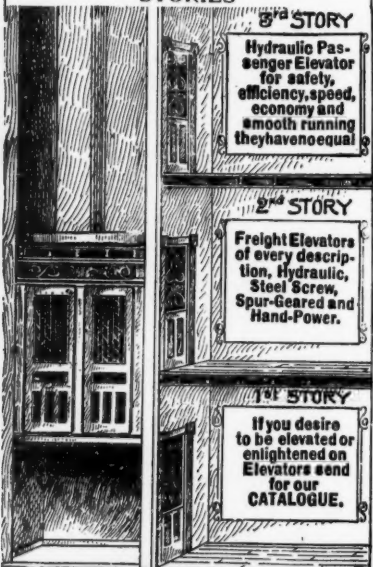
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Bearing the
authorized signature
of
Justus Von Liebig,
the great chemist,

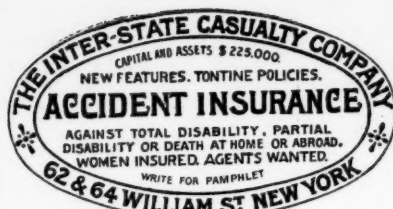
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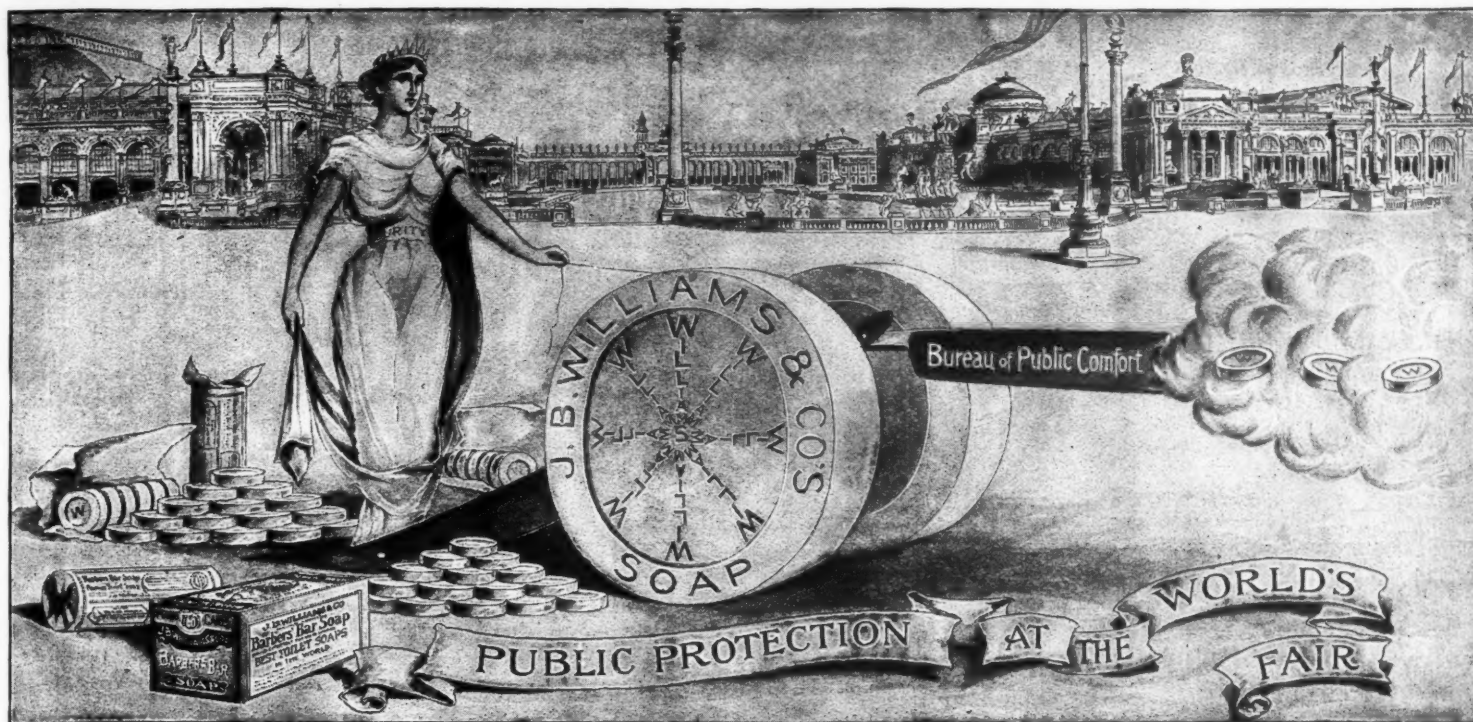
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EVERY OF THE AGE
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Pickings from Puck, 25 Cts.



FIRST AWARD.

IN PLANNING the Hair-dressing rooms for the World's Fair—the Bureau of Public Comfort determined that only *the very best* of material should be used. Investigation convinced them that there was but one *perfect* Shaving Soap—and without being affected by any influence or consideration whatever—the Acting Chief of that department orders that *nothing* but the famous Williams' Shaving Soap—shall be used in any Barber Shop—under the jurisdiction of the Columbian Exposition Company.

Thus—at the very start—the *highest possible honor*—is again accorded this wonderful Shaving Soap.

THE MANAGING BARBER

to whom is entrusted the care of every shop on the grounds—adds his testimony to the value of this famous article in the following words:

"Having tested samples submitted—of nearly every Shaving Soap made both in this Country—and abroad—I find that Williams' Shaving Soap—is the only one perfect in every respect—and it has been adopted for exclusive use in every Barber Shop on the grounds at the World's Fair.

(Signed) WM. M. PURCELL."

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

gives perfect assurance of safety—to those who patronize the Barber Shops prepared for them at the Exposition. The danger of contracting any contagious skin disease—so common where "cheap," impure soaps are used—is *entirely removed*. The soothing—healing and wonderfully *antiseptic* properties of Williams' Shaving Soaps are known throughout the world, and a case of Barber's Itch—Sycosis—or other form of blood-poisoning has *never* been traced to any Barber Shop—where this article is regularly used. We feel fully warranted in recommending the World's Fair Barber Shops—to the hundreds of thousands of visitors who will have occasion to patronize them.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,

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Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside. If you use Pears' Soap, no matter how often, the skin is clean and soft and open and clear.

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Columbus Model Folding Kodaks. These new Kodaks combine the desirable features of a complete view camera with the compactness of a Kodak.

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A Double Swing Back and sliding front are among the improvements. These Kodaks can be focused with the index or on ground glass; can be used as hand or tripod cameras and are easily adapted to stereoscopic work.

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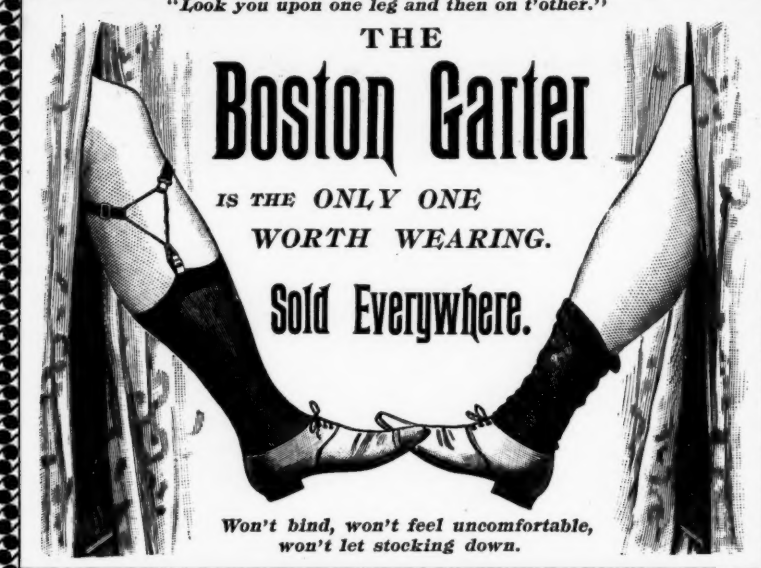
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—*World's Fair Puck.*

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They can have their mail addressed in care of "PUCK," Jackson Park, Chicago, Ill., where it will be taken care of.

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AN EVEN THING.

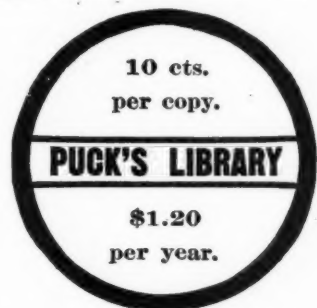
FIRST ESQUIMAU.—What do you think of the cost of living here?
SECOND ESQUIMAU.—It is about as broad as it is long. What we spend on whale-oil cocktails at home, to keep us warm, we must lay out on ice-cream here to keep us cool.—*World's Fair Puck.*

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable. Grocers and Druggists.

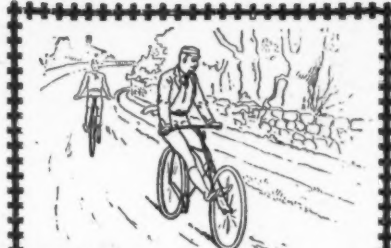
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72. Hash. Being Puck's Best Things About Feed and Feeders.
71. Steady Company. Being Puck's Best Things About Keeping It.
70. On the Rialto. Being Puck's Best Things About "Hams" and Hamlets.

69. Rainbows. Being Puck's Best Things About Humanity's Hallucinations.
68. Lonelyville. Being Puck's Best Things About The Place and The People.
67. Cash. Being Puck's Best Things About Money Makers and Money Spenders.
66. Snowballs. Being Puck's Best Things About Frozen Fun.
65. Biddy. Being Puck's Best Things About Our Kitchen Aristocracy.
64. Fall Pippins. Being Puck's Best Things For All The Year Round.
63. Zoo. Being Puck's Best Things About Unnatural History.
62. Notions. Being Puck's Best Things About All That's Quaint, Queer and Curious.
61. Ninety in the Shade. Being Puck's Best Things About Hot Weather Happenings.
60. Them Lit'ry Fellers. Being Puck's Best Things About The World of Pen and Pencil.
59. Kinks. Being Puck's Best Things About The Woolly Ethiop.
58. Junk. Being Puck's Best Things About All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
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56. Patchwork. Being Puck's Best Things About One Thing and Another.



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A SUIT OF CLOTHES and I want it very badly." Is this the burden of your song? Then hasten to Nicoll the Tailor who will take your measure and make it Quickly, or at your Leisure; at a Moderate Price, too.

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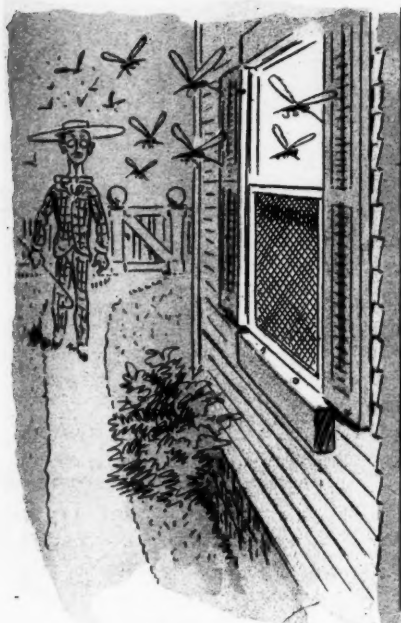
Suits, \$20.00 up.

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711 Broadway, N. W. Cor. Nicoll the Tailor, 145 & 147 Bowery, Ninth Street, New York.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

GATEMAN.—You'll have to let me see the photograph on your pass, Madam.
MISS CONNY SESSIONER.—Oh, certainly; but, indeed, it does n't do me justice. I only had one sitting, and it has n't my expression, at all.—*World's Fair Puck.*



Harold Witherbee came gayly toward the house, unconscious that his hated rival had got there ahead of him.



"Ha!" he cried, bitterly; "Percy Trevorton here? This is too much!"



Seizing the mosquito screen, he raised it carefully, muttering, "Let him beware—I'll fix him!"



The next moment the room was filled with a swarm of ferocious and blood-thirsty insects. With a wild yell of terror, Percy Trevorton fled.



"Good-evening, Mr. Witherbee," said the lovely girl; "you're just in time to help kill these mosquitos—some one left the screen open by mistake!"



Seating himself by her side, he murmured to himself: "It's a chilly day when Harold Witherbee gets left!"

F. Opper